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The Village Schoolmaster.

Across the road beyond the hill,
Close by the stream that turns the mill,
An old house stands, in which Ferule
Both taught and thrashed the village school.

The house itself is worn and grey,
The roof, decay'd, has fallen away;
The door unbing'd, the windows gone,
The school of all its glories shorn.

Yet stands the tree, from which a bell
Proclaimed its solemn, tearful knell;
For many a boy it called to school,
To feel the weight of old Ferule.

I knew it well, for oft my back
Resounded with its thund'ring whack;
But I forgive, since 'tis but true,
I ne'er receiv'd one half was due.

I could from memory sketch his face,
And ev'ry feature quickly trace.
A gaunt and stalwart man was he,
As ever taught the A B C.

Severe he was, and rough to view,
Tho' kind, and as a woman true;
His purse ne'er closed to Want's appeal,
His heart "another's woe could fell."

Ah yes! methinks I see him now,
With iron jaw and shaggy brow,
'Neath which there shot, in fitful flashes
A glance that turned us pale as ashes.

Among the lads, 'twas ever said,
He'd see behind, nor turn his head;
But that I cannot verify—
I thought on me he kept his eye.

He'd been a soldier in his day,
Had fought his fight and car'd his way;
Thus raised a tree that bore him fruit,
He taught "young ideas how to shoot."

When school "broke up"—the boys away,
Liv'd each through life his destin'd way;
Yet long the master kept the field,
Reluctant his worn soul to yield.

But time roll'd on, Death's arrow sped,
And Ferule slumbered with the dead;
Now forty years or more have gone,
And I, alone, come here to mourn.

—Norristown Herald.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Days in My School.

No. IV.

I sat in my room at the close of another day's labor. The sun was sinking behind the western hills. His bright rays lightened the fresh green pines of the coming May which I had placed in my room in lieu of those scorched by the summer fire of my diligent janitor. I looked over the empty seats. The slates were in the position of a perfect parallel, each one seeming ready to fly off at a tangent. Eighty Monroe's Readers lay upon the top of those eighty slates; that wonderful Monroe's Reader, so superior to all others extant. My classes read in Monroe's Reader. Would I have dared to use any other? No, indeed! School teachers in general, in this part of the inhabited world, are a simple class of beings, with minds somewhat below the common ratio, fit only to associate with children, not capable of appreciating intelligent society, (very seldom do I receive a call; should I be so fortunate I could only inform my guests as to the number of pupils in my school, or the series of Readers we are using, which is Monroe's—the best extant), and their duty is simply to do as they are bid. The School Board are much more capable of controlling the affairs of a school than the teacher. She is supposed to know nothing of the subject. Men immersed in bank stock, brokerage, loss and gain, will settle the most important business of a school in a few moment's time, with no attention to it of any worth, and from their decision there can be no appeal.

My reading classes would have brought smiles even from a child. Some read with their books upside down, some right side up, some wrong side up, some with the book closed, their finger in the place, and their eyes fastened upon the opposite zenith, where I presume they were trying to discover perhaps, a new planet, or at least the signs of the approaching dissolution of the world. Were their finger in the place, this alone would insure a correct rendering of the text. Many of the children could repeat page after page of their books without hesitation. In fact, I have little doubt, but many could have gone through the book with scarcely a mistake, so many years had they read in this same Reader, knowing nothing of any other book, and having not a single idea outside of its pages. The class had no interest in their lessons. How could they? Not a new idea could be evolved from within the covers of this book. Every possible phase of hens, pigs, cats and chickens had been dwelt upon until nothing more could be said. The old hen had called to her chickens until all were grown into wife-hood themselves. Every dog had barked in every possible method, and even the cats had purred until tired nature was exhausted. I had ventured to suggest to my director one day, that he allow me to use a sabbath school paper as a reading book for a short time. But no—a veto was put upon my project most suddenly and hastily. Who had ever heard of sabbath school papers in a day-school? It would be a species of sacrilege unheard of, and not for a moment to be tolerated. I am thankful to say that orthodoxy at least seemed to prevail in this section of the community. However, my good director had not as yet ventured to enquire of what church I was a member, though this seemed to be an important preliminary in engaging a teacher, but, perhaps, I thought, it is to be left at an examination question, as that wonderful ordeal had not yet been put into execution.

Yes, my boys could read. "The boy has a black cat. The hen sits upon four eggs;" books upside down, inside out, no matter whether feet were up, a head up, they could read as blithely as were they yellow singing birds upon an autumn bough. But there was another phase of this reading of which I think School Board Trustees or Director knew little. It I would select certain words, calling upon them to name them at sight, they could scarcely tell a word or even a letter. Many knew not half their letters, they being as unacquainted with the forms of many of them when standing alone as if they were the Greek or Chinese characters. But let them read page after page as it came in the book, without interruption, and they were good readers. But, our good friends, the school board knowing nothing of teaching themselves could not understand these facts.

But the evening grew. I had mused and the shadow lengthened. I will pray the Father that sometime I may cast my lines in a happier spot, I said.

SARAH STERLING.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Leaves from the Life of a Teacher.

LEAF NO. I.

For several months I took charge of the district school in D—, a rather large town in the State of New York. My class consisted of about forty or fifty young men, tall, stalwart farmer's sons, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. They used to come from their country homes on Monday morning and stay until Friday night, studying industriously during the five days. They were all very fond of me—extremely so. Would do anything for me; and I liked them, myself, for although often rough and unruly, they were honest and manly, not afraid to do a kindness to anyone.

The editor of the country paper, which was published weekly in our town, was going to be married. Ella Graham, the belle of the village, was the favored one, and they appeared to be in the seventh heavens. (But where that may be I do not know.) The editor came to me a few days before his marriage,

and begged me to take charge of his paper for a few weeks.

"Mr. Worth," said he earnestly, "you are the only man with whom I am willing to leave the full charge of the *Courier*; its a fact. I have got the minister to write the editorials, and the foreman will see to the business department. If you will fill up the rest, and see that the proof is correct, for a month, I will be everlastingly obliged to you. I am going east with my wife, and will not be gone longer than four weeks. What say you, Worth? Will you do it?"

As he was an obliging sort of fellow, and had often assisted me I said I would, but doubted my ability to do so. "That is all right," he answered. "I know what you can do, better than those stupid trustees, who won't raise your salary. But I must hurry, I promised Ella to ride with her at five, and here it is a quarter of. Good-by, Worth," and with a wave of his hand he hurried off.

Well, I was in for it, and must make the best of it; but what could I get to fill those two pages that never seemed so large to me before? Ah! a happy thought strikes me, and I will put it in execution.

"Boys," said I to my pupils the next morning, "I want your help; I am to take charge of the *Courier* for a little while and you must assist me. (Here I was interrupted by loud applause). "I wish you would divide yourselves up into parties, and scour the country." "With a brush?" asked one of the most audacious; but I continued. "Visit every village that is in this county and 'near enough to get at, and pick up every bit of news you can. Everything that has happened, what is being done, and intended to be done. Will you do this for me?"

"Yes, sir, indeed we will," was the hearty response, and they kept their word.

After school was out they tramped off with note-books and pencils, their loud voices ringing in the air. For several days they went off in this manner, returning with all kinds of imaginable scraps of news. "Joseph Duryee fell from the roof of his corn-house and broke his leg;" "Miss Marrow is going to New York to pay a visit;" "James Barrow sang a very nice song, at the church sociable, Friday evening," are fair samples of what he picked up. Every family for miles around had a notice of some sort, and the night before the paper was to be set up, we held a meeting in the school-house, arranging the notes under the towns and villages to which they belonged. We had an article on our school, too, in which a good many of the boys' names were brought in.

The day the *Courier* came out there was a great excitement throughout D—. Some of my scholars had bought papers that had their names in it, and showed it to their neighbors; some bought several copies to send away. There was a great rush for the usually dull weekly. The farmers drove up in their carts and wanted a copy of "that paper," and were mightily pleased to see their name in print. The foreman was delighted to see them selling so fast, and printed an extra edition. While the editor was away my boys and I followed up this plan, and the result was that about five hundred extra copies were sold, not counting the subscriptions that came in.

"Well, Mr. Worth," said the editor to me upon his return, "if I could only do as you have, I would be rich. I said you knew how to manage a paper, and I was right."

THE threads of the minutest spiders are so fine that, 4,000,000 of them would be required to make up a single hair of the human head. The compound or common thread of the spider is made up of about 40,000 smaller threads.

SAGO is obtained from a tree of the palm kind, growing in the east. The tree being felled, it is split lengthwise, and the pith, with which it abounds, is dried and reduced to a powder, resembling meal. This powder is placed in a large sieve and the finer particles passed through with water; it is afterwards made into a paste, dried, and made fit for use.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Anna Townsend, A TALE OF FIVE SCHOOLS.

"It is no use to put Anna to housework. If I set her to sweeping she'll pick a book from the floor and open it; and then she begins to read and she don't seem to be able to stop. It is so different from any other girl I ever saw."

"Why don't she be like Mandy Jonas? Why, that girl has pieced up a sight of bedquilts, and she is powerful slick in the kitchen. I don't want a daughter of mine to be a teacher; they're a poor set enough."

"I'm afraid, husband, that's what her heart is set on, and one thing is certain, that what Anna takes into her head to do she perseveres in until it is done. Besides, I know that some people are born to one thing and some to another; and Anna is not born to do housework."

The result of this debate over an only daughter, led to consequences that affected the destiny of thousands of persons. A young woman scarcely eighteen years of age was thus destined to be a power, an influence, a hand to shape the fortunes of susceptible youth. Slight events cause great ones.

She had been a pupil in — Academy for two years, and had manifested a strong disposition to acquire an education; it was not possible for her to learn enough; the selection of classes having been left to her, she took up Grammar, Literature, Latin, Algebra and History. Her compositions showed originality, and she became the pride of the school. The principal, Mr. Bailey, was an enthusiastic teacher himself; his ardor had been imparted to this girl and she was a new being under his instruction. The story is only to follow one pupil: a really good teacher will inspire nearly all. Such is the power of the human mind and heart.

Anna Townsend was not a handsome girl, but she had that look that led one to say "she is good"—an intelligent face, long brown hair, a good form, erect carriage—these were nearly all. She had a fine eye—and that is a desirable thing in one who would persuade others.

The spring term had closed and the pupils had returned to their homes. The young men were busy on the farms, the girls had laid down their books to take up sewing, the setting of tables, the washing of dishes and the sweeping of rooms.

Mrs. Townsend had looked forward to the return of Anna, with much longing. But instead of the laughing helper she had expected, she found a serious maiden, who sat by the window with Tennyson or Mrs. Browning, as a companion. The cooking of pork, the making of pies, interested her no more. She was not unwilling to help, she had no dislike to work, but she had an evident passion for Ideas, for thoughts. These were to be her companions; with them she communed quietly even when busy with household drudgery.

It was finally decided to try and get her a school at Long Meadow. The Trustees were consulted, and Mr. Townsend being a man of high character, it was quickly settled that she could have the school for \$18.00 per month, and "board around." But she must have a certificate; to procure this Anna was taken to the Commissioner, who lived at Smithfield. He was a physician, and absent when she arrived. She sat in the room to await his coming; meanwhile she looked at the books in the library. The official was the owner of Bancroft's Histories and these Miss Townsend sat down to read; while thus engaged more than an hour passed by; she was too busily engaged to notice the entrance of the Commissioner, who glanced over her shoulder to see what she was reading.

"An interesting volume, Miss Townsend."

Anna started, and dropped the book on the floor.

"Yes, sir, I did not notice, sir, that you had come in."

"Well, I came in rather softly; it's a way I have; I go so much into sick-rooms, that I get into the habit of stepping in and out. You want to be examined I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I think of teaching school this summer."

"Tell me what is most important for a child to learn, truths or habits?"

"Truths."

"And why?"

"Because habits can be corrected."

"What study is most important?"

"I can hardly answer that; do you mean which one should be selected if but one could be had?"

"No, I do not mean that; I mean of the usual school studies which is most important?"

"I think it must be language."

"And, why so?"

"I can only say that my teacher seemed to be most particular about that, and I think he must have deemed it most important."

"And who was your teacher?"

"Mr. Bailey of — Academy."

"And a good teacher, too. Yes, language is undoubtedly the most important. Does analysis pertain to the mode in which you think of a thing, or to the mode in which you speak of it?"

"It is a hard question, but I will try to answer it; it seems to me that language is only the expression of thoughts and therefore, the analysis must be in the mind first."

"Right, right."

"Now, to more practical matters. What is the difference between subtraction and division?"

"You find in division how many times you can subtract a given number from another."

"Why begin at the left side of the dividend?"

"So that what is left over may easily be reduced to the lower denomination that are successively reached."

"Very good. Mr. Bailey did not neglect your mathematics it seems."

"Do you believe in corporal punishment?"

"I hope never to be obliged to resort to it, but children should be made to obey at all hazards."

"Very good. I think you will have need of a rod at Long Meadow; there are unruly boys there. But let me give you a little advice. You must not be afraid to lay your eye on them. Let them feel it. A man can make a beast quail with his eye (so they say, mind I do not say it,) much more can he make his fellow being dread it. A good teacher will govern with her eye. I will write you a license."

The singular examination over, Anna breathed freer; she looked at the Commissioner as he sat at the table. He was evidently a man devoted to his profession; and by his build perhaps disposed to ride a hobby, if so it must a hobby of ideas. He was tall and spare; his blue eyes were deeply set in an intelligent face; his hair long and nearly white, was thrown up back over his high head.

"I wish you much success; you will have many a cross to bear; you will not be successful"—here seeing Annie's countenance fall, he hastened to say—"I mean you will not succeed as you want to; you have now high ideas and they will still rise as you advance. You know the poet says:

"Hills peep o'er hills

And Alps on Alps arise."

So it is with our ideals. We are satisfied with low ones in youth; in mid life we build them up to the clouds and even beyond—in maturer years, we cease to build at all."

The school was opened on Monday morning—a bright May day; the pupils came from all quarters, for the school-house stood on one of four corners. The nearest house was Mr. Bishop's; it could be seen just through the trees. On the hill stood a brown and weather-beaten house, owned by an Englishman, a widower, sad, morose and unsociable. In another direction a white house adorned with green blinds—there Deacon Gaylord, one of trustees lived. It was reputed to be the most hospitable house in the district. Three daughters the Deacon had—and they all loved to be courted—at least it was so suspected, so the young fellows came there from all directions. Up the hill was another white house, Deacon Green's. Alas for every one that attempted to board there; such an untidy house, such a poor, forlorn woman was Mrs. Green, weak, sickly and surrounded with children, yet she was the only one to manage the whole household. She could "work herself sick" but had no art to teach others to work also; so every pail of water as well as every stick of wood, was brought in by her, while her brood sat still and saw her act the part of a servant without offering to help; nor would she have called for help if she had felt herself sinking under the load.

The school-house was quite a neat structure. It, however, had no yard or trees, nor curtains. Its wooden walls had never been painted, and in a few places the clap-boards had become loosened; near the door, the marks of the Jack-knife could be seen—initials of "leading" scholars. H. P. R. G.—and so on—the register of the boys of the district, meaning something doubtless, to those who knew, but little to others. There was an entry and it served as a woodhouse also. There was a teacher's desk—and no lock to the lid. There were three rows of desks, seven in a row, and the blackboards a good deal the worse for wear.

She took off her hat and looked to see where she should hang it. Jemima Green understood her questioning look and said, "The teacher hangs her bonnet up there," pointing to a twelve penny nail driven into the corner, and so she placed on it her hat and shawl.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOLESŁAN the Fourth, king of Poland, had a picture of his father which he carried about his neck set in a plate of gold; and when he was going to say or do anything of importance, he took this pleasing monitor in his hand, and kissing it used to say, "My dear father! may I do nothing unworthy of thy name!"

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

Two years ago I proposed to take a tour through the Connecticut River Valley, but a telegram from home caused me to retrace my steps and forego the privilege. But now at this pleasant time of the year fortune seems to will it, and thus I am on the road through the picturesque villages that are thickly scattered along the sides of the beautiful river, away up to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. At Thompsonville above Hartford I entered the handsome High School house a little before 9 o'clock, on a bright morning. R. C. Hitchcock, Esq., a veteran teacher of tried ability, kindly received me, and placed me before the school on the front platform just behind the cottage organ, where sat a young lady pupil ready to evoke the spirit of music within it. The children were provided with "Gospel Hymns" published by Sankey & Bliss, and opening at page 52, the sweet song—"He leadeth me," was rendered with a softness and purity, and tenderness of style that could hardly be excelled by older and more experienced singers. As I sat so near the instrument and the music was of that soothing character that lulls the soul to rest, I felt its full psychic power; for just then every nerve in my body became a musical chord to be harped upon, and in such a frame of mind and feeling could I pass away from earthly scenes to my eternal home. The affinity of the words to the music was like truly wedded love:—

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!"

The sentiment of the words, and the spirit of such music I commend to the teachers of our country; it was beginning the school work of that day in a sensible manner. Let the children of our schools learn such songs and sing them often; they never tire of them. It would be well for our schools if there were more such teachers, who know how to begin aright in the morning, and send the proper influence pulsating through the school.

The Principal with a smiling countenance dismissed the pupils to their class rooms after the opening exercises, and they left his presence with beaming faces and bounding hearts. The next day I visited another school in an adjoining County, and instead of music-books, the scholars were furnished with Testaments. The children arose from their seats in succession to read a verse—at least those who had books—the Principal stalking throughout the room during the exercise to keep a watch over disorderly ones, and calling out occasionally to read louder, or to read the verse once more. After the reading of Scripture, the Lord's prayer was rehearsed. The Principal standing before the school said it only with his breath and lips, but his mind and heart were not in it. A portion of the school followed his example; the other portion with eyes wide open and necks craned above their fellows were throwing frolicsome glances in all directions. What a miserable parody on that holy, beautiful prayer! What canting hypocrisy is thrust upon the plastic minds of youth. Yet the rules required that a portion of God's word, and the Lord's prayer should be worried through each morning. Thus for a half hour I remained an uncomfortable observer. If an icicle had been thrust down my back, a more chilling, antagonistic sensation would not have been experienced, than when he approached me after dismissing the scholars to their class rooms. The frowning looks that he sent after and away with them, were accepted on their part as declarations of war.

"Some of them are bad fellows and require a great deal of watching," said he.

A little urchin met me at the threshold before the bell sounded:

"Do you want to see the Principal?"

"Yes."

"Did he lick your boy?"

"No."

"He licked two boys yesterday very hard!"

But what shall I say of thee, oh Springfield, thou beautiful city on the hill—the finest of all New England? Its High School building and grounds cost \$172,000. It accommodates 400 pupils. H. P. Stone, Esq., is the Superintendent of schools, and was formerly Principal of the High School at Portland, Maine. The population is 31,000, and the number of pupils is one-fifth of the same; I find this ratio of pupils to the population is pretty nearly the same throughout the United States. The character of the schools is equal in discipline and progress to the best in any part of New England. Many of the class rooms are adorned with paintings and engravings, and beautiful with flowering shrubs. The play grounds are large, enlivened by green lawns, and shaded with elms and maples.

The children are thus amply provided with comforts, and many of those good things that make their young lives an experience of light and joy.

The armory was visited with considerable interest. The grounds comprise 60 acres tastefully laid out. A few soldiers are kept here more for show than use. The view from the cupola of the main building is superb, and while walking along the corridors, the muskets are seen stacked in glass cases, their gleaming barrels remind you of church organs, ranged in rows.

The view from Maple Hill after the storm of last Sabbath, late in the afternoon, was a picture of scenic grandeur, not likely to be forgotten soon. The slanting rays of the setting sun lit up the intervening landscape as far away as the Berkshire hills, with a halo of unusual splendor. The dark storm clouds had rolled eastward, and were piled up in gloomy magnificence. Every blade of grass, and quivering leaf seemed coronated with a diamond, and every diamond was a rain-drop that caught the rays of slanting sun-light and away by the breath of the gentle breeze, transfused into new light, new lustre, and new glory, to be seen on every hand. At the base of the slopes the river swept in graceful curves—the deep, deep green of the turf adding rich contrast to the burnished surface of the stream, and giving to the imagination what Paradise may be:—

"So the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between!"

Passing away from the enchantment of such sights, our steps were next directed to the Cemetery. This to most people is a place of sadness and gloom; yet the mind may be educated to consider the grave-yard only the proper receptacle of the cast-off form. The loved ones are not here; they are free from the shackles of flesh, and with liberty and power to soar through God's universe.

Here is an angel carved from marble—an angel with wings; it looks beautiful, but it would look better and more natural without wings. The wings are relics of ignorant and superstitious ideas and times. A little girl soliloquizing one day, said: "There is an angel with wings with feathers in them, just like those on my hat:—

"I don't want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,"

to have feathers and wings and such things."

Then hard by on a tomb-stone are these expressive words:

.....
: "GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN." :
.....

It is the grave of a child—a truly loved one no doubt. Lo, the dear ones gone before are not forgotten; nor are those who remain to weep in this vale of tears and sorrows. They, the ascended, still think of us, and will joyfully escort unto their celestial homes:—

"For the eye that shuts in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome is heard in the spirit world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this!"

"This sweet resting place for those who have battled sternly with the vicissitudes of life; and a few short years will make but little difference to us who remain to toil and strive, then with the end of the mortal part, 'the triumph and the trance begin!'" Thus in the purple light of the gloaming I moralized on the instability of man's career, in that hallowed spot consecrated to the dead. My next stopping place was Northampton, and here I have tarried three days in its dales and among its hills, rolling in clover, and writing this letter. They have an elegant High School building, with Mr. D. D. Gorham Principal. He formerly taught at Malone, N. Y. He is considered one of the best disciplinarians in New England. The schools are under the superintendence of Geo. B. Drury, Esq., and although not a teacher, his long experience as Trustee has stood him in need to keep them up to a high standard of excellence. Here is Mount Tom three miles away, and opposite on the east side of the river is Mount Holyoke. I went to the top of Mount Tom to view the land; the outlook is about 1,000 feet above the plain. You can see Springfield, East Hampton, Northampton, the Hadleys, Amherst, and a half dozen other villages and hamlets from its summit. Mr. William Street the proprietor of the boarding house, will furnish board to teachers for \$7 or \$8 per week during vacation. The climb up the steep carriage road, with a smart tramp to the village once a day will give health and strength, and vigor to many a worn out teacher during the eight weeks of rest from school labor. Mt. Tom Railroad Station is just at the foot of the mountain. Round Hill Hotel in the village of Northampton is one of the best hotels in New England. It is somewhat isolated from the town, and surrounded by exquisite lawns, forests and fruit trees. There are 50 acres of land connected therewith, and every part of which is at the disposal of guests for enjoyable rambles. From the piazza a sweep of vision of 30 miles or more is obtained. A near view brings in lawns, terraces, landscapes and bright foliage, and the bloom and blush of flowers of every hue and kind. George Bancroft the historian kept a classical school on this hill; and Jenny Lind after a three months sojourn at this hotel, pronounced this

spot the "Paradise of America." M. K. Olney, the proprietor, will furnish board to teachers during vacation for \$8 to \$10 per week, according to location of room. There is not a more beautiful and healthier place to be found in the country. Passing along the road yesterday I asked a gardener, whose splendid mansion is that on the hill?

"Mr. B——'s, and he has a heaven on earth" was the reply.

"Do you think he is happy, living in such a fine house?"

"Yes, if any man is happy, he is; some have their heaven here, and some yonder!"

"Well, my friend, I propose to have mine in both spheres!"

JNO. OAKLEY.

Prof. Fleischmann's German Summer School AT CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK.

Most persons wishing to study German either engage a private teacher, or go to a school where this language is taught, and acquire by close study a certain knowledge of the Grammar, and are also able to translate tolerably from German into English. This in fact is, and, perhaps can be the only aim of the study of German in a school where the classes are large and the time of study is limited. So the pupil leaves school, having only a faint idea of the language; he had learned the letters and can read, but he can not pronounce, or only in such a barbarous way, that a German would not be able to recognize his native tongue. His teacher had not been taught better himself, and conscious of his deficiency, did not make a point of pronunciation. If his pupils only had caught the meaning of a very simple story, and rendered it in English, he was satisfied. Translations into German—the most effective exercises, are entirely omitted. The nicety of the language, the fine shades of expression, the idioms, etc., the pupil has not learned; he is even very deficient in grammar, and his conversational knowledge does not exceed such phrases as "Wie geht es Ihnen?" What he needs is more thoroughness, which will enable him to dig deeper into the rich treasures of German literature, most highly appreciated by our best men, poets, philosophers and scientists. How many physicians, for instance, regret being unable to read the German magazines on medical topics, written by the ablest German authorities, while in other professions the same need is felt. The pupil's limited knowledge of German requires a finishing touch, which it were best to acquire of a native German of culture and refinement. But, also, the teachers of German by a vast majority Americans, are in need of renewing and extending their knowledge. It was a happy idea, therefore, to give American teachers and lovers of German an opportunity of improving their knowledge of the language, and to establish a German Summer School, where they can, under the instruction of a competent teacher, improve their pronunciation, and receive a better insight into the language, its structure, its idioms, its superior literature. Dr. Fleischmann formerly connected with Cazenovia Seminary, who is now living at Toledo, Ohio, has established this school at Cazenovia, New York, which held its first session last year, and had excellent results. It will be continued this summer with the addition of a junior department for beginners, under Mrs. and Miss Fleischmann's direction—he principal feature of which shall be conversation. Dr. Fleischmann is too well known throughout our State as one of the ablest teachers of German, as to need any comment; his pupils, some of whom are now occupying important positions as teachers of German in various parts of the country, speak for him.

The method of the school is admirably adopted to the wants of Americans, introducing them into the highest order of German literature by reading and translating, always interspersed with the most interesting and instructive remarks and interpretations on grammar, and on any topic presented, as well as by discourses on literature and history. The practical exercises of the school for quickening the ear to understand, and for learning how to think in the foreign language, are manifold and never tiresome. There is off-hand translating, oral and written, from English into German, and vice-versa, conversing, reading and reciting. That such a method of the greatest variety, as only a native German of culture can give, must be more profitable than are merely mechanical, is evident. Teachers have fallen from one fault of teaching only grammatical rules, into another equally objectionable, of trying to impart a language by conversation and imitation only, which method may have success with young children, but the circumstances of few adults allow them the time necessary for such a course. Therefore, a combination of theory and practice, as Dr. Fleischmann offers it in his Summer School should be welcomed.

One more pleasant feature of this school must be mentioned. The weekly excursions of the class with their teacher and his family to one or another of the many charming places in the neighborhood of Cazenovia, when the conversation is carried on only in German. Five weeks are spent in work of pleasant variety, with the one object in view of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German language, and some versatility in conversing, and thus profit and recreation are combined, and the summer vacation cannot be spent in a more pleasant manner.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Hotel.

FOR INVALIDS & TOURISTS

The style of architecture is what is known as the modern French. The ground plan is in the form of the letter T, the top of which will represent the front, the stem a central extension, the side strokes the wings. A graceful tower rises to a lofty attitude. At an elevation of 126 feet there is a stone balcony, composed of blocks weighing from two to three tons each, and guarded by a strong iron railing. The building is constructed of red brick, with trimmings of cut sandstone from the North Amherst, Ohio, quarries. Its exterior appearance, with many broken lines of walls and roofs, and balconies grand at the base and graduated in size as they ascend, has a picturesqueness to which the pleasant surroundings lend an additional effect.

The interior arrangement is, in important respects, superior to that of almost any other hotel in the United States. Every part is well lighted with the natural light from without, the building being so planned that the corridors, as well as every room in the hotel, have windows opening through an outside wall.

The system of ventilation is the most perfect we have known introduced into a hotel, every room being so constructed as to receive fresh out-door air from both the floor and ceiling levels, heated by steam, and provided with a double escape for the air which has become impure. The value of such ventilation to invalids needs no comment. There is not a room in the hotel that is not visited by sunshine, and not a room from the door of which a staircase cannot be seen.

The carpets, of which thirteen thousand yards have been laid, are all Wilton and body Brussels, in thirty-three different patterns.

At the press reception, the Hotel was flooded with artificial light and filled with a gay and brilliant throng, the occasion being a reception tendered by Dr. Pierce to the press. Invitations had been extended to the newspaper men throughout the country, and numerous representatives of out-of-town papers were present. The guests were not confined to the writers, but included attaches of the various departments of the printing-houses, so that altogether the company numbered about three hundred, the ladies included.

Every part of the hotel was illuminated and opened to the guests, who seemed to find great pleasure in ascending innumerable stairways, exploring seemingly interminable corridors, and looking into the multitude of daintily furnished and decorated rooms.

During the entire evening the magnificent dining-room was open to Dr. Pierce's guests, and the entertainment they found there was in a style of elegance in keeping with the occasion. The charming appearance the tables presented was the remark of everybody. They were profusely ornamented with fragrant and beautiful flowers, and laden with every description of delicacy. The colored waiters were as attentive as possible to every wish expressed, and indeed last evening showed clearly enough that so far as relates to the dining-room of the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel those who stop at that luxurious establishment will find no opportunity for adverse criticism.

EGYPT is rich in obelisks. Among the ruins of San—the Zoan of the Hebrews—in the Delta, lie no less than ten, all overthrown and some shattered. At Heliopolis, an obelisk sixty-eight feet high, which was four centuries old when Moses was born, still stands erect. In the temple of Luxor there is one of seventy-five feet height, the mate of that in Paris. Karnak possesses four, two of which are ninety-two feet high; and in the granite quarries at Assouan lies a supreme monolith of ninety-five feet, which appears to have been left there on account of a flaw in the stone. All these keep their original places, and the ruins of the ages recorded in their inscriptions lie around them. The obelisk which is destined for New York has a height of seventy-one feet, with a base of seven feet seven inches square; its material is the rose-gray granite of Assouan, the ancient Syene.

THE Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the river. An officer in the navy says he observed one of these who kept ducks for a living, practice an odd piece of ingenuity. In the day time the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the night time they were carefully collected. The keeper when the night set in, gave a whistle when the ducks flew towards him with great speed, and were gathered in a minute. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the last duck.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Billious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See other column.

New York School Journal,

AND

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The SCHOOL JOURNAL can be obtained of any news-dealer in the United States. The American News Company of New York, general agts.

We want an agent in every town and village in the U. S. to whom we will pay a liberal commission.

The columns of the JOURNAL are open for the discussion of subjects pertaining to education. Let those who have practical skill communicate to others.

Should this paper by any means come into the hands of one not a subscriber, we ask you (1) to consider it a special invitation to subscribe; (2) hand it to a teacher or other person who is interested in education, and urge him to take it also.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1878.

This copy of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL may possibly fall into the hands of one who is not a subscriber; consider then, that a piece of good fortune has befallen you, and send in your subscription at once. If you are teacher and are a subscriber to no educational paper, you do yourself an injury you have no right to do. It may be set down as an undeniable fact that every "live teacher" takes an educational paper.

THERE will be many teachers who will want a really first-rate place to spend the summer. Our old friend Downs in Chestertown, N. Y., has one of the best hotels and he knows how to make his guests happy. It is a good place for ladies and children—there are Friends' Lake—Bear Mountain—but we must stop; it makes us long to drop the pen and breathe that delicious air again.

We had grouped together some extracts from letters from teachers about the JOURNAL, in order to show how much it is liked. We laid those aside to open a letter from Ohio, which proved to contain a postal order for twenty copies. That shows there is educational life and earnestness in the Buckeye State. The gentleman who sent us the order will please accept our thanks. And now we ask that the good work should go on. We would like to publish a weekly educational paper devoted to CULTURE in a large and broad sense, that should cost only \$1.00 a year. If the teachers, to the extent of 50,000, would say they would help, it could be done. And we propose that teachers should turn over that idea and write to us. If they will pledge us enough names we will go ahead.

THE mistake that young teachers make during their first years is in not preparing themselves for future work. Grant a young man or a young woman has "passed an examination," what is there wonderful in that? It does not require a vast amount of knowledge to achieve this distinction anywhere. Geography, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, some history and a few other things—boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age who have been well taught, and who have improved their opportunities as they ought, could pass the usual examination in most places. There is nothing in the fact to cause the teacher to sit down contented and at ease. It is only the first step on the ladder. Go on, we say; go on. More history, Grote, Gibbon, and Bancroft; more grammar, Muller, Marsh, Trench, and Latham; more literature, drink-

ing from the poets and prose writers for a hundred years back and more; a language or two more, French, German or Italian; and learning to draw and sketch out of doors. All these are in the reach of the teacher. Why not reach out your hands and take them, good friends?

No matter what position you hold, on you the law of progress is as imperative as on your scholars. Now is your only chance for reading, culture and study; if you ever hold a higher position you will not have time for these things. Ground yourselves in the principles and practice of your profession; store up useful knowledge; acquire habits of reading and observation. Put CULTURE before you as your object. Whether you have a higher position or not depends on what you do with your first ten years; these should be years of systematic reading and observation. Everything that tends to your professional excellence should be an object of daily pursuit. To sit down and do nothing for your own improvement simply because you have a "certificate" is criminal; you have no right to deal so even with yourselves. Your own personal excellence; your own mental and moral advancement should be sedulously sought for. The spirit you possess, we may add, will be possessed by your own pupils. They will imitate you; if you improve they will see it and follow on.

Not to be left Undone.

The work of education is not wholly done in the school-room—as a reacting agency it moulds public opinion. In fact, its influence on public opinion is its mightiest effect. What a pupil learns in school is a matter of personal convenience, it is for his own benefit; but the effect of the school on all these pupils jostling together in maturer years—that is what we are looking after. It is a question well worth the study of statesmen. The present outlook is not very favorable. Have not other nations without our educational advantages achieved as strong and as pure a national life as ours? Undoubtedly. Let no American conceit blind our eyes. The work of the teacher within the school-room is not enough. The tendency of our teachers is to stop with good percentages in arithmetic, geography, and grammar; meanwhile these boys and girls grow up and form members of a vast republic that lacks virtue, heroism and honesty. To correct and strengthen public sentiment—that is part of the teacher's work; it is part of everybody's work and especially it is a part of the teacher's work. How shall the teachers do it? They, men and women both, must steadily and persistently state with accuracy what is right and wrong in respect to public matters. Two-thirds of the public do not seem to know what to think. Is robbery a crime? If so, say it. Is failure to pay debts as far as possible a dishonesty? Say it. Are adultery, slander, profanity and drunkenness, wrongs to be denounced, or simply passed by without notice? Some one is busy forming opinions in favor of these things, that is apparent. Will the teachers resolutely take hold of a greater work than their "sums" in fractions? If the teachers do not do this, pray who will? Shall it be left to the churches and the Sunday-school? Any one can see they are not adequate; no, not adequate. There is needed the strength of every right-minded man and woman in the land. Call it croaking, call it want of faith if you will, but the real truth is that the national ship has sprung a leak, not a large one perhaps, but one that while it may not cause it to sink, will take away the feeling of perfect security. Hence we call on every teacher to elevate and improve the moral tone of the people as well as of the scholars. The effect which such a body of intelligent people can produce, is immense; on them the responsibility rests.

CYRUS, king of Persia, was said to know the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Cornelius Scipio was thought to know the name of every man in Rome.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Board of Education.

The Commissioners met May 15.

Present: Messrs. BEARDSLEE, COHEN, DONNELLY, GOULDING, HALSTED, KATZENBERG, MANERRE, TRAUD, VERMILYE, WOOD, WALKER, WATSON, WETMORE, WICKHAM, WHEELER, WEST.—16.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CITY SUPERINTENDENT.

reports for the month of April.

No. of Classes examined	317
" " found excellent	189
" " " good	111
" " " fair	6
" " " indifferent	1
Discipline good or excellent	810
No. of Schools and Departments examined	31
General management excellent	28
" " good	8

The Nautical School was examined April 25th.

No. of pupils in School	96
" " pursuing studies	40
The discipline and general appearance of the school entitled it to high commendation	
Whole No. of pupils on register April 30	120,530
Average attendance	109,178
Increase over last year	4,888
No. of days absence of teachers	1,678
No. of Children refused admission	787

REPORTS.

The Normal College Committee recommended an appropriation of \$19,572 to build an additional story to Training Department. Adopted.

The Committee to investigate charges against Timothy Brennan, Trustee of 6th Ward, because premises he owns have been sub-let to the Trustees for school purposes, reported that Mr. Brennan owned the property, has leased it to a certain party and that party had leased it to the Trustees, recommending the lease be made void.

This led to a discussion. Mr. Beardslee defended Mr. Brennan, saying, Mr. Brennan's lessee had a right to lease it to any one. It was laid on the table.

The Committee on Teachers reported that Miss M. E. Carroll, of M. D. G. S. No. 58, should take rank above Miss A. T. Hoffman. Laid on the table.

RESOLUTIONS.

A resolution was adopted to close the Training School June 1—in order to make alterations without affecting salary of teachers.

The Teachers' Association.

[The May Reception took place on the evening of the 15th. Mr. Southerland presided, and in the course of the evening referred to the fact that he had been re-elected as President for another year, that he had received 1,022 votes out of 1,053 cast, and that Miss Sarah F. Buckalew had received 1,051—a remarkable unanimity. His remarks were received with much applause, for he is remarkably popular and well deserves it. He is, perhaps, the only one who could unite so successfully the votes of the teachers; and what is remarkable, he is not anxious for the office—probably would be heartily glad to be out of harness. This is one element of his popularity. Teachers are very jealous, quite as much so as doctors; they would not tolerate any elation over the office. Another element is his modesty; he wears his high honor without carrying a high head at all. It is to be doubted if there is a more unassuming principal in the city, or one more ready to do a favor at all times. May he long continue to hold the office.]

[The singing by Misses Beebe and Phillips, Mr. Milson and Mr. Jameson delighted every one. Mr. Roberts gave several recitations that pleased immensely.]

At the Board of Education.

Mr. Bell, on request, was excused until the last meeting in July.—Leave of absence was granted to J. M. Forbes, principal of G. S. No. 35—in the application it was stated, that he had not been absent a full day during sixteen years.—The Trustees of the 23d ward, asked for leave of absence for Miss A. S. Ray and Miss Kennan G. S. 28.—The removal of a primary principal was asked for by two trustees, on the ground that although possessing the necessary learning, she is otherwise lacking in the essential and proper qualifications as a principal.—The Nautical Schoolship St. Mary, left on her trip to Lisbon and Madeira on the 15th inst, going first to Glencoe and after painting and fitting up for a week, to New London, and then over seas. There are 181 pupils.—It was decided that the Board had no jurisdiction to have the pupils participate in the exercises of Decoration Day.—Trustee Brennan was investigated and discussed; it appears that he owned premises next to Grammar School No. 24, that he let them and that the lessee let them to the Trustees when Mr. Brennan was not a trustee; this went on for several years. One point of importance was not brought up—the rent charged was very moderate—it was not a source of profit to Mr. Brennan. The Board handled the matter very

gently—and well it might; why should Mr. Brennan be castigated because he owns a building next to a grammar school which his tenant has let for the use of the school at a very cheap rent. A real friend of the schools like Timothy Brennan deserves perpetual thanks.—There was little but routine matter transacted at the meeting; notice was given by owners of P. S. No. 6 that they expected the Board to take building for another year, because they were holding over or occupying the building after the term had expired.

Columbia College Law School.

The nineteenth annual commencement took place on the evening of May 15. There were 186 graduates. The first prize, gold medal, was won by James Hillhouse; the second \$150 by Louis E. Binse; the third by E. H. Crosby. An address to the class was made by Prof. Dwight; and one to the audience by Joseph H. Choate.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—The annual reception and award of prizes to students took place at the Academy of Design, on the evening of May 15. In the "Life School" the Suydam silver medal was awarded to J. Decker, and the bronzo medal to T. R. Mercein, Culmer Barnes, James Kinsella and H. G. Thompson received honorable mention. In the "Antique School" James Kinsella received the Elliot silver medal, Laura Oppen the bronze medal, and Ferd. Joergeas, Otto Wolf, E. Grenet, M. D. Styles and Mary N. Sands honorable mention. After the award of prizes, Mr. Mercein, on behalf of the students, presented Professor L. E. Wilmarth, their teacher of drawing, with a valuable clock. The best drawings made by the pupils during the year have been placed on exhibition in the lecture-room of the Academy, where they will remain for a week. They are all very creditable.

LETTERS.

To the Editor of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

A Schoolmaster's school is not the only one that exhibits genius, for mine though only a district one, and not by any means a model, has a weekly paper (not printed of course), in which the scholars display their composing talent. They are very much interested in it, and would not on any account miss a single number. I am very strict about not having it interfere in the daily lessons, and have a set of rules which have had the effect of redoubling my pupil's studying; result—better recited lessons. Scholars are appointed who collect the school news, compositions, and the various productions in poetry and prose of their school-mates. Two of my best penman copy these into a large blank-book, and they are read before the whole school Friday afternoon.

R. S. T.

To the Editor of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL:

There is so much said now-a-days about the sons and daughters of farmers who, as soon as they are old enough, go to teaching. Have you ever read "Work," by Miss Alcott? Well, the heroine of that tale—she lives in the country—starts out with the determination that she wouldn't wear herself out "in a district school for the mean sum they give a woman;" but she has a rather hard time of it in the different roles of servant, actress, governess, companion, and seamstress. But at last she finds a home, and marries her "hero" for whom she has long been looking. Her first attempt at work was as a servant. Now why don't those strong, healthy girls in the country do something else besides teach? I have not time to stop over this question, but merely want to suggest it to the hundreds who are continually dabbling in for a short time on the sacred duties of a teacher. How do they happen to accept this vocation so generally, when so many others are open?

ONE WHO IS NOT A TEACHER.

To the Editor of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL:

My criticisms, being duly published in your valuable space, I must conclude that you think there is something in them. I open the JOURNALS now with more interest; why is it Mr. Editor? Can it be that like an old maid, who has at last picked up a lover, I am proud of my achievement? I can hardly believe it. It must be that my interest in education has increased. But I have written enough for a preface. The "New Spelling" is a good thing. Of course old fogies are down on it; they want things to remain as they are. But I am for spelling words just as they are pronounced. I would have a plan devised, and then have the teachers adopt it. It will save three or four solid years of a child's life, and more than that in an adult's, to say nothing about ink, pens and paper. Advocate it by all means. As to "John Oakley" he is always readable except on spiritualism. I remember several years ago when he wrote some letters that my assistant and myself voted him a lunatic; but he is far from that. "Over and over again" is capital;

why I did not know there was so much real wit in the pedagogue's breast. Let "A. W." write over and over again for the JOURNAL; your humble servant will never criticise her unfavorably. The description of D. Appleton & Co. was interesting reading; I am using Cornell's Geographies and can testify to the excellence of those books. There is a single point that you referred to that I deem of great importance. The publishing houses, and this one I can speak of in particular, have done much for the teachers. When I first began to teach I knew nothing about text-books and yet I was to decide on introducing some. The agent of this house who came to my school was a cultivated gentleman and his advice was most valuable. He freely admitted the excellence of other books, advised the adoption of a grammar his house did not publish, and in other ways aided me greatly. The advancement of our schools is a great deal of it due to the publishers; let them have their due. The letter of Dr. Jackson is a capital one; he speaks like one of the patriarchs. On the whole, the last number of the JOURNAL was very satisfactory. I cannot criticise it as sharply as I intended, for it pleases me too well.

WILLIAM THE TESTY.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Kindergarten Lectures. No. 3.

BY MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fröbel's epitaph on his grave bears the words which were his motto through life: "Come, let us live for our children, or rather with our children."

This warm-hearted philosopher, who took all children to his heart, as if they had been his own, said one day most emphatically: "If I were not Fred. Fröbel, I would like to be a child's nurse."

Think of that, dear friends; and to whose hands do we entrust our treasures in our nurseries, and for constant companions? This expression of his proves more than any thing else, except his deeds; how heavenly and pure his love for children was; how great an importance he attached to the vocation of a child's nurse; how sacred appeared to him the holy vocation to be a woman, who is permitted to carry the infant in her arms, and may begin its education by means of play and song as soon as the young infant's awakening soul first recognizes and responds to the smile of love bestowed upon it. He not only considered the mother as the source of much of the child's future happiness or misery in life, and the one to watch over and develop all the little tender blades of thought and activity, as they are put forth by the infant; but the nurse also, to whom the infant has to be entrusted for many hours, when it is impossible for the mother to take care of and occupy herself with her child. And who are these women whom we employ as nurses? Have they the least idea of their high calling, and do they realize that the responsibility of training the child rightly for his physical, as well as his intellectual well-being devolves in a measure upon them? We might well put this question to many young ladies from our best families, who are entering the married state. It seems almost ridiculous to ask this question about the nurses. Sometimes they are girls 14 to 17 years of age, who have to leave the parental home to earn a living. And what has been their bringing up at home? What has been taught them to fit them for their noble stations. Was their mother's example and her conduct towards her little ones of such nature, and all-sufficient, to enable these in turn to assist other people in the care and education of their children? Who can say YES! to this question? Most probably trouble and anxiety were the prevailing spirit of the house, if not thoughtlessness, rudeness or even vice of various kinds, together no doubt, in some cases with tears, oppressions and an honest endeavor after some sort of higher life. Her attendance at school has been of such short duration that she does not even speak, much less can she write her own language correctly. No doubt she can carry a child. (However, most nurses in our day will not hire out unless a carriage is provided for the baby, no matter how much its delicate brain may get injured by the jarring motion of the carriage during the first four months of its life, when it should always be carried, until able to sit up during the ride.) Most probably the girl has had plenty of carrying to do at home, ever since she was seven years old, when the poor, ignorant mother used to take comfort in the thought that her daughter at any rate would make a good nurse. In spite of all this sorry foundation upon which to build, intelligent, pains-taking mothers often do succeed in making an excellent nurse of such material by patiently instructing the young girl, especially if she is treated with kindness and forbearance, and is kept a good deal of the time in the presence of her mistress. But the number of ladies is not large who are willing to train the nurse, to whom they wish to intrust their child, as few, perhaps, as there are mothers who are capable to occupy themselves with their own children for any length

*Mrs. Lena Morgenstern.

of time. And here it may not be out of place if I give you an extract from a lecture to mothers given in London:

"Now to whom are the children given? To the mothers. Then mothers are responsible. Let us then consider them. They have the charge of immortals. In what school or nursery have they studied? What have they read? It is said, and I think quite truly, that true education is that which best fits a man for the

AFTER DUTIES OF LIFE.

And we ask again, what has the training been? It may be replied that the demands of society upon our time are such that nursery claims and duties must be deputed to others. Never. Nursery work may, but never nursery claims and responsibilities.

"I wonder how much time for making calls, taking journeys, &c. the birds have when bringing up their warbling families. 'Tis true, some are fond of travel, the swallow to wit; but I think they wait till their little ones are grown and take them with them; and though, for aught I know I know, they may do a good deal of visiting and gossip during the season in Italy or on the coast of Africa, they come back again and settle down to serious work. If, then, two sparrows, which are sold for one farthing, take such care of their young, how much more care should human mothers take of their little ones!

After all, the mother must have what are appropriately called "helps," or commonly

NURSES.

And here again we find ourselves asking, who are these nurses and what are their requirements, their acquirements, and qualifications? They must be full of goodness and truth, of great common sense and wisdom, of great tact or ready sense, intelligent, having no end of patience, and the love almost of a mother. * * * The true, real nurses have to be made, trained. Nurses for sick people are trained in a regular training institution. Where is the institution for training nurses for our gentlefolk? I am not here merely to advocate the kindergarten system; but let me say that when there is in the midst of a poor population a well-conducted kindergarten school a poor man's child has a wiser, more natural and happy and more useful nursing than is to be found in many a rich man's house. And I confess that were I in that period of life when the mother of my children required the assistance of a nurse, or more properly a nursery governess (for the nurse ought to govern), I fear I should be so selfish as to go in the direction of the kindergarten school and steal one of their assistants; for there we might find young girls who had been taught and trained in those common-sense subjects, and those wise and patient modes of dealing with children, the want of which has been a perpetual loss to those we most love.

But not only should there be training schools for nursery governesses, but such an amount of

PECUNIARY REMUNERATION.

should be offered as will command a better class of girls; for while factories and stores can offer good wages and more liberty, we can only have the residuum of young females from which to select those who are to join in sowing seeds, and what seed! seeds which will develop a harvest of good or bitter fruit in the hearts and lives of our children. So long as we pay our nurses and governesses as little or less than we pay our cooks or the coachman who cares for our horses, or the gardener who supplies our table with flowers, how can we reasonably expect to meet with persons fit and capable to tend those nobler and more precious plants which are growing up around our hearth?

This, then, is what is wanted—that mothers shall take a higher view of their work and their helpers, and that nurses shall be selected, educated and raised to a higher sense of their work, and be better paid. So far as mere rank, true rank, goes, as viewed from the throne of truth, it is not the doctor, nor the lawyer, nor the soldier, nor the banker, that stands first. There is one that stands pre-eminently high in the nation—the mother, and by her side the nurse or governess and teacher."

In every large city throughout this country some provision should be made for establishing an institution where mothers and nurses shall be taught Fröbel's system of infant training, and from whence the nurses, supplied with a certificate or diploma would be eagerly sought after, to become inmates of our most respected families. To solve this problem satisfactorily will be the work of those fortunate ladies, whom Providence has favored with ample means and the time, and the connections to unite with each other in founding institutions, where the training of nurses in accordance with the kindergarten system is made a speciality. Such an institution exists in Hamburg, superintended by Mme. Goldstein, (mother-in-law to Jenny Lind) in unison with other noble women, and one also in Berlin, where, however, many difficulties arise from the selfishness or dire necessity of the parents, who have to avail themselves as early as possible of their daughter's earnings.

The surest way for disseminating a knowledge of the

kindergarten system among the laboring classes would be not only to introduce it as a part of the instructions given in every educational institute for young ladies, but also in every charitable institution for girls throughout this country. In order to be able to teach these, it is to be hoped that there may be interest enough awakened to induce ladies to avail themselves of any opportunity offered them to become acquainted with the system, so that they may be able to impart it again to others.

The higher education of the laboring classes is one of the serious problems of our time. Our part of this work consists in offering a better chance to girls to prepare themselves to become good mothers in their turn, good nurses, good kindergarteners. At the same time we must form a higher ideal for ourselves; then we shall have better nurses. We must not consider it beneath our dignity to let our servant accompany us to the kindergarten lecture. Much of the present and future peace and comfort of the home depends upon their efficiency and faithfulness. Our noble example will help to make them such. We must show them how they should occupy themselves with our children, by playing and exercising them in the pleasing and systematic ways, taught us by Fred. Froebel. We must not allow any prejudices, any errors, any superstition, any falsehood to creep unnoticed into our nurseries. Let us be truthful with our servants, affectionate and considerate towards all our surroundings, as well as honorable and just in our dealings with our subordinates. Let us not hesitate to assist, if needful, in the work of the house, and we will surely reap the reward of our right-doing by enjoying the blessing of having dutiful, intelligent servants and sweet children. Our homes will then be pervaded by an atmosphere of harmony, which shall make them indeed a veritable

PARADISE OF CHILDHOOD.

To-day it is raining and baby cannot go out. Mamma walks around with him for a short time, but when she is tired and wants to rest, she thinks of the little ball just in time. She makes it swing round and sings:

Round and round, and round we go,
To the right, now to the left.

The child grows more and more interested. The mother or nurse now sits down near the table and makes the ball tap on the table, while she sings:—

"Tip, tap, tap; tip, tap, tap;
Baby sits on mamma's lap.

Then the ball hops higher and higher and higher, and pretty soon she sings:—

"Hop, hop, hop on high,
Like a bird you seem to fly."

After awhile mamma sings one of the songs given in the previous lecture:—

"Over here, over there, see our little ball swings,
While mamma happily to her little baby sings.
It didn't go over, it's gone in there,
We can not find it anywhere."

Harry looks sad, but mother lets him peek into the box, and he laughs to see it come out again, to continue still longer to be his little playfellow; and now Harry shall play alone. Mother gets him upon the bed, with pillows behind him, and baby's hands are getting all ready to hold the ball, mamma gives him the little soft ball, and first withdraws it several times, singing:—

"Take the ball so soft and bright,
Baby's hands can hold it tight!

Then when she stops playing with him, she sings:—

"Now the ball must have some rest,
Keep it in its little nest."

The larger children make the ball spin round, and make it represent a windmill or water-wheel, singing:—

See the windmill how it goes,
While the wind so briskly blows,
Always going round and round,
Never idle is it found;
See the water wheel how it goes,
While the water so freely flows,
Always going round and round,
Never idle is it found.

Explain to them that the mill stands firm, but its arms are turned by the wind; and that is why it needs to stand in some open space; the children then stand apart from each other, so as not to be hit by each other's ball. First the ball spins round to the right, then to the left, then with alternate hands, so as to strengthen and train the muscles of both hands and arms alike.

In the kindergarten a fine lesson on the wind can be given together with a favorite exercise for all the muscles of the body, which I will give in my next lecture. The falling play with baby is also relished and beneficial to larger children, when it becomes a grand exercise for the adult,

who gives it to the child, as good as any dumb-bell or other gymnastic exercise.

*FALLING SONG FOR STRENGTHENING THE CHILD'S BACK.

Down my little pet is falling,
But it does not hurt at all;
See him laughing, cooling, calling,
Down again he wants to fall:
For with mamma he is playing,
And no ill or harm are near,
Well he knows it will not hurt him,
Down goes baby without fear.

The baby may be laying on the bed or sitting on mother's lap, when we are to take hold of his hands and begin the exercise, accompanied by the little song, of letting his upper body rise and fall. His delight in the exercise is all-sufficient proof of the benefit the child must derive from it.

*Any little melody will answer to adapt to the words.

Things to tell the Scholars.

[The child can spend but a short portion of his life in the school-room; while there it is of primary importance that he shall be led to acquire all the useful knowledge possible.]

MORTAR is a mixture of lime, sand and water, and is used to cement bricks and stones, as glue is used to join pieces of wood. The mortar hardens and keeps the walls entire. Mortar, with hair in it, forms plaster, and is put on laths also to form walls.

THE storks are considered to be useful birds; some persons think they are a special blessing from Providence. In Strasburg they are very numerous, and the people build a false chimney or a platform on their houses for their use. No one is allowed to hurt the storks, as they will eat rats and mice, and many things that would be injurious to towns.

THE pins which are now so common were not always in use. In the sixteenth century, pins of bone, ivory, and silver, were employed in England; but poor people made no use of these, which were larger than those made now-a-days, and more costly. The pins which we have now were not made so at once; they were made of all sizes and shapes, better and better, until they are as you now see them. Sometimes ten persons are employed to make one pin; but they are generally made in this way: one person cuts the wire the right length, another makes the point, another the head, another puts it on, another plates or washes them over, and others stick them in papers. Very good pins are made in Poughkeepsie, and in Connecticut where a machine is used it requires the attention of only one person to cut the wire, to point, and head the pins.

THE way bears are caught in Russia is this: A pit is dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food is placed on the top. The bear if tempted by the bait, easily falls into the snare. But if four or five happen to get in together, they get out again, and they do it thus: they form a ladder by stepping on each others shoulders, and thus make their escape. "But how does the bottom one get out?" you ask. Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice. It would be too bad, would it not? if children were not as grateful for favors as these bears seem to be. But there are a good many, I am sorry to say, who seem to have very little gratitude.

SHAKESPEARE was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He was born April 23, 1564, at a town in Stratford, which, being situated on the river Avon, is called Stratford-on-Avon. Young Shakespeare's father was a man of business, and gave his son William a good English education at the town schools, but he was not sent to college. Before he was nineteen he was engaged in a theatre at London, as an actor. He wrote some plays which attracted a good deal of attention. Before that time only the rabble used to frequent the theatres; but now, persons of the first rank and education went to see the performance of Shakespear's plays. He lived for several years in London; but as he became wealthy, he bought a good house in Stratford, where he lived, spending his time in gardening, writing plays, and social intercourse with his friends. He was very pleasant and witty in his conversation, which made it very pleasant to be in his company. Shakespeare was not ambitious in his writing, and took no pains to publish his works; and for nearly a century after his death they were neglected. But at last their merit became known to the world, and they are now regarded as among the most remarkable of human productions.

NEEDLES.—The first suggestion of needles is given in the Bible, where it is recorded that Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together. Yes; but there was scarcely any "sewing" at that time, according to the present general acceptance of the term. It was "sewing" without needles. The fibres of plants (flax is such a fibre) would supply the thread, and a thornspike, or any other small and sharp point, would make holes in the materials, through which the fibre could pass. The first needles used by the Egyptians were eyeless, and made of bronze. Now and then, a regular needle, though coarse, was made. Its length was from three to four inches. It is generally believed that needles were first introduced into England in Henry the VIII's reign. Some years later, in the reign of Queen Mary, wife of Phillip II., king of Spain, they were comparatively plenty. They were imported from Spain, which then had almost a monopoly of the manufacture. These Spanish needles were made of steel. It has been stated, but not on good authority, that the manufacture of needles was recovered and resumed in the reign of good "Queen Bess," and that the operator, a German, worked with great secrecy, in order to keep the trade and the profits all to himself. About the year 1650, during the civil war, and just after the decapitation of Charles I., the art of needle-making was revived, by one Christopher Greening, at Long Crenden, a village in Buckinghamshire. The needles there and then made were very coarse, compared with those of the present time. Finally, Redditch, a small town in Worcestershire, twelve miles from Birmingham, became the centre of the needle trade.

WE sometimes hear of building houses on paper, but building a house of paper is something of a novelty. Yet there is a large manufactory in Wisconsin that keeps three mills constantly running on building paper, having a capacity for the making of sixteen tons per day. The business was started by a Yankee, of course; or rather by two of them. As long ago as 1857 the company began the manufacture of paper for building. The idea that paper could be cheaply and advantageously used in the erection of buildings—especially the home of the prairie farmer on the bleak plains of the Northwest—originated with them. They expended money freely in mills, machinery, patents and advertising, believing they had discovered the most effective and cheapest method for making a building warm, dry and healthy, and that the paper would meet with public favor and find ready sale. They have now been manufacturing it nine years, and during that time have made and sold more than twelve thousand tons. It has been tested under all circumstances, and has been a decided success.

The paper used for building purposes is a thick, hard paste-board, wound in rolls of twenty-five to a hundred pounds each, and usually thirty-two inches wide. While in process of manufacture it is subject to a pressure of hundreds of tons, which compress the fibres together into one solid body, thus making an absolutely air-tight sheet, and, as paper is one of the best non-conductors known, it resists the action of both heat and cold; and so a building lined with it is made warm in winter and cool in summer. It does not shrink like lumber, and is not affected by frost, cold, heat or dampness, and it is known that it will not burn as readily as wood, on account of its hardness and solidity, and by its use a house can be made almost, if not absolutely tight. It is far better for the retention of warm air in a building than an inch board.

PROF. BERNSTEIN, an eminent naturalist in Berlin, Germany, gives the following graphic description of one German geographical cubic mile (one mile equals 10,126 yards) to illustrate the size of our earth, which contains only 2,663 such: "Imagine a box one mile each way—long, wide and deep—and let us try to fill it up. Berlin is handy, we take the city as if it were a toy and throw it into our box. We go to Potsdam, pick up all the villages on the way also, and put all in. The bottom is not covered yet. We all take Paris, with all her columns, towers and churches, which helps little, so we must take London also. Vienna must go in too, and not to disturb the peace. St. Petersburg follows next. All this stuff lies at the bottom. We begin now to take up all the cities, towns, villages, forts, farms, everything that human hands have built in Europe, and all the ships floating on the sea. It helps nothing. We must go to old and new worlds, throw in the pyramids of Egypt and the railroads and factories of America, and everything else made by man in Asia, Africa, Australia and America—lo! our box is not half full yet! We will shake up the things a little to make them even, and as we are bound to fill the box, let us see whether we cannot do it with the people and lay them in like herrings. One row will require 12,000, and 4,000 rows make one layer of 48,000,000—just enough for North Americans. To make them feel more comfortable, we will put between each layer a bed of straw and leaves, say thirty feet thick, which will take all the straw and leaves in the world. Upon the Americans we will lay 3,000,000 of Australians and 45,000,000 of Asiatics,

another layer. There are about 800,000,000 more Asiatics; thus we proceed until all the rest of mankind are in—1,400,000,000 in about thirty layers. The box is about half full, and it would require about fifteen times that number of people to fill it. What shall we do? Animals, of course, are still left. Take the whole animal creation, yet it is not full; and all this is only one geographic cubic mile, of which the earth contains 2,662."

RIVALS IN EDUCATION.—It appears that there are two Kindergartens in Wheeling, W. Va., one kept by Miss Harriot Lord and the other by two sisters, Misses Felicia and Susan Winchester. The former received a letter purporting to come from Evansville, Ind.—It asked her to come there and start a school, offering a number of inducements. Miss Lord replied and asked further information; another letter came. Miss Lord then made inquiries about her correspondent and found there was no such person; that all letters sent to this person in Evansville were sent from Wheeling. The matter was investigated and it was found that the principals of the rival Kindergarten, had planned this method to get rid of Miss Lord. The result of it has been that have been put under bail of \$500 each

FRIDAY is regarded by some as an unlucky day, whereas—for Americans, at least—it has proved itself to be the most fortunate of the seven. It was on Friday, the 3d day of August, 1492, that Columbus sailed from the harbor of Palos for the New World. It was on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that he first saw the land, after sixty-five days of navigation. It was on Friday, the 4th day of January, 1493, that he started on his return to Spain to announce to their Catholic majesties the glorious result of his expedition, and Friday, the 15th of March, 1493, that he disembarked in Andalusia. It was on Friday, the 13th of June, 1494, that discovered the American continent. On Friday, March 5th, 1497, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his dispatch for the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the continent of North America. On Friday, September 8, 1565, Mendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower first disembarked a few emigrants on American soil at Provincetown, and on Friday, December 22, 1630, her passengers finally landed at Plymouth Rock. It was on Friday, February 22, 1732, that George Washington was born. It was on Friday 16, 1775, that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and on Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, that the surrender of Saratoga took place, which event decided France to give her aid to the Americans. The treason of Arnold was discovered on Friday. Yorktown surrendered on Friday, and on Friday, June 17, 1776, Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress.

History Presented to the Eye.

We would call the attention of our readers to ADAMS' CHART OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, being well satisfied that no one can ever forget a half hour spent in examining it. Its simplicity, its clearness, its accuracy and its comprehensiveness are quite surprising. It is a Chromo-lithograph, in style, finely embellished and illustrated. Its width is about 3 feet, and its length twenty-two feet. As meridians of Longitude mark space and enable us to locate places, on the school atlas—so vertical century lines (dated B. C. or A. D.) divide the length of this chart into about sixty century spaces (which are subdivided into decades), and enable us to locate events in time. Through these century spaces run, side by side over the white surface, horizontal, colored streams representing contemporaneous nations; each stream changing its color to denote every change in rulers. One stream is lost in or emerges from another showing conquest or rebellion. Everything is *presented to the eye*, forming a continued series of object lessons. Look at any portion of the chart and you see clearly defined, the century spaces running across its face from top to bottom; you see the colored streams crossing these, lengthwise of the chart; you see the succession of rulers shown by the changes in color; follow any century space and you see the history of the century—the nations in existence at that time—their rulers, the important events, illustrious men, inventions, discoveries, changes in customs, etc.; and you can read in close connection with the above all dates pertaining thereto.

Contemporaneous history is thus made easy and attractive. You see the grand outlines of all known history—it is necessary to read only the minutiae. No description can give an adequate idea of this literary curiosity—it must be seen to be appreciated.

School Committees, Librarians, and Teachers are especially invited to call at 59 Park Place and examine this work. See advertisement for agents on last page.

LOOK out for the SCHOLAR'S COMPANION for June—names of best scholars—the best paper for boys and girls.

From the Scholar's Companion.

A Lesson on Words.

Let us have a talk together about spelling. Anyone who has anything to say may raise his hand. Well, Charley, we will hear you.

"I think we need to take great care to spell the word 'write' correctly, as there are several different ways."

"Yes that is so. I will put a little verse which I picked up one day, on the blackboard:

Write, we know, is written right
When we see it written write:
But when we see it written rite,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Should not be written rite, nor wright,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

Have you ever noticed what a difference the change of one letter in a word makes with the sound of it? Here are some examples. Some are very funny:

B makes the road broad, turns the ear to bear, and Tom into a tomb.

C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to a crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

G changes a son to a song and makes one gone!

H changes eight into height.

K makes now know, and eyed keyed.

L transforms a pear into a pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none!

P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.

S turns even to seven, makes have shave, and word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe!

T makes a bough bought, turns here to there, alters one to tone, changes ether to tether, and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow his town!"

W does well, e.g., hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what?

Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to to toy, a rub to a ruby, ours to yours, a lad to a lady!

Money is derived from Moneta, a surname of Juno, in whose temple money was coined.

Huguenot, according to the Dictionary de Trevoux, was a name given in derision to the Calvinists of France, the word meaning followers of Hugon, the spirit of the night, because they held their religious meetings at night in cellars and tombs.

Haleyon days, a name given by the ancients to the seven days preceding and following the winter solstice, so called because at that time the haleyon or kingfisher laid her eggs close to the seashore, and as at that season the weather in Southern Europe is generally mild and calm, the phrase haleyon days came to signify a time of peace and tranquility.

Zealous and *jealous* are derived from the same Greek root, *zelos*, eager rivalry. At the present day, the first means excessive devotion in behalf of an object and a zealot is governed by the imagination rather than judgment; the second means vigilant anxiety for the welfare of another, making the jealous person full of painful apprehension.

Rival and *river* are derived from the same Latin root, *rivis*, a brook, originally meaning, dwelling on the same brook with another.

Web, *woof*, *wife*, *Webster* are derived from the same Saxon word, *wessan*, to weave; the first means woven, the second means threads which cross the warp; the third and fourth mean one who weaves.

When writing a letter or composition, make your meaning plain. How ridiculous these sentences sound!

The mate saved a man from drowning, who was an excellent swimmer.

The horse is plowing with a switch tail.

The lady was sewing with sore eyes.

This work being afflicted with rheumatism I am obliged at present to discontinue.

I was afraid to ride a horse having the heart disease.

So utterly was Carthage destroyed that we are unable to point out the place at the present day.

In ancient times when only a few people could read, pictures of every kind were much in use where writing would now be employed. Every shop, for instance, had its sign as well as every public house; and these signs were not then, as they are often now, only painted upon a board, but were invariably actual models of the thing which the sign expressed—as we still occasionally see some such sign as a bee-hive, a doll, and the like. For the same reason printers employed some device, which they put upon the title-pages and at the end of their books. And paper makers by way of distinguishing the paper of their manufacture from that of others used marks which becoming common, naturally gave their names to different sorts of

paper. A favorite paper-mark in 1550 was the jug or pot, and would appear to have originated the term *pot* paper. The foolscap was a later device and we still denominate paper of a particular size by the name of "foolscap." Post-paper seems to have derived its name from the post-horn, which at one time was its distinguishing mark. Bath post is so named after that fashionable city. Note paper because it is the size used for writing notes.

The steam engines had then assumed a form that somewhat resembles the modern machine. An important defect still existed in the necessity of keeping an attendant by the engine to open and shut the cocks. A bright boy, however, Humphrey Potter, to whom was assigned the duty on a Newcomen engine in 1813, contrived what he called a *scoggan*—a catch rigged with a cord from the beam overhead—which performed the work for him. The boy, thus making the operation of the valve gear automatic, increased the speed of the engine to fifteen or sixteen strokes a minute, and gave it a regularity and certainty of action that could only be obtained by such an adjustment of its valves. This ingenious young mechanic afterward became a skilled workman and an excellent engineer, and went abroad on the continent, where he erected several fine engines. Potter's rude valve gear was soon improved by Henry Beighton, and the new device was applied to an engine which that talented engineer erected at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1818, in which engine he substituted substantial materials for Potter's unmechanical arrangement of cords.

THE SONG "HAIL COLUMBIA!" was written under very peculiar circumstances in 1798 when war was thought inevitable. The contest between France and England was raging and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other. Judge Hopkinson, the author of this National Lyric was called on one Saturday by a young man, who was to take his benefit at a theatre the next Monday evening. His prospects were very disheartening, but he thought that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," he would have a full house. Judge Hopkinson said he would try and see what he could do for him, and the next afternoon the song was ready. No allusion in it is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans. Such is the history of this song which is now eighty years old.

Sunday was the day on which our ancestors worshipped the Sun; Monday was set apart for the worship of the Moon; Tuesday comes from Tuisco, one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans; Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons; Thor, from whence Thursday is named, was the god of thunder; Friday, comes from Friga, and Saturday from Saturn.

THE American Institute of instruction will meet this year at the Fabyan House, in the White Mountains. It promises to be one of the largest educational gatherings ever held in America. Prominent among the Speakers are Hon. J. R. Garfield of Ohio; Hon. E. E. White of Indiana; the State superintendents of the N. E. States; Superintendents Kiddle and Calkins of this city; Prof. Niles of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Prof. Churchill, the elocutionist, who will also give readings; Prof. Sauveur; Prof. Fay of Mass.; and Mr. Mowry of R. I.

The hotel rates are reduced—ladies, from \$1. to \$1.50 per day, and gentlemen, from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day—and excursions at reduced rates are planned among the mountains. Arrangements are being made for a low round-trip ticket from this city by way of one or more of the Sound steamer lines, and will be announced in a week or two. We say to the friends of education, "Go and enjoy the feast, and there get an invigorating breath of the mountain air."

To the Advertising Patrons of the Journal.

The value of any journal as an advertising medium depends not only on the extent, but equally on the character of its circulation. The subscribers to the SCHOOL JOURNAL are teachers, professional men and women, and cultivated people generally—those who read carefully and discriminately, and many of whom file or bind the paper for their libraries. It is, therefore, the best possible medium for advertising professional, scientific and educational books and periodicals; industrial and artistic products of every kind; insurance of property and of life; traveling facilities; and, in short, whatever is of use or interest to person of culture, intelligence, and good taste, everywhere.

We have many strong testimonials from reliable parties who have advertised in the JOURNAL, and have realized valuable results.

The rates of advertising are very low, considering the circulation of the JOURNAL, and special terms are made for large amounts of space and long contracts.

For full information, address E. L. KELLOGG & CO.

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

BELLS.

It is impossible to trace the origin of bells. They were commonly known in the earliest ages and are thus referred to by the most ancient writers. Certainly there is nothing of simple human contrivance for which community, in any locality, has stronger regard, or with which associations are more deeply mingled. Says a distinguished English writer: "From youth to age the sound of the bell is sent forth through crowded streets, or floats, with faintest melody, above the quiet fields. Its tone, therefore, comes to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by the music of bells." Even the school bell though regarded by us, in younger days, as, perhaps, too prompt and commanding brings, in late years, only the pleasantest recollections. These statements are suggested by the fact that Measey & Kimberly, bell-founders, Troy, N. Y., have placed their advertisement in our columns. This firm is well established and reliable, and is sending bells the world-over. Many of their bells go to institutions of learning and it is not untrue to state that there is ample room and an urgent need for many more in similar places.

THOUGHT WEARS OUT THE BRAIN.

The *Herald of Health* says: "Function is a synonym of labor; and labor results in waste. In other words, a waste results from the function of each organ in proportion to its activity. This must be supplied by food fitted for this end by the digestive organs. Now, the labor of the nervous tissue, as an organ of the human body, is incomparably greater than that of any other belonging to it. It is the life engine, the motive power, that awakens into activity all the other tissues and organs in the human body. It at once, and at the same time, originates and distributes life force. It is this tissue that causes the lungs to breathe, the heart to beat, and the stomach to digest. It is from this tissue that consciousness, intellection, sensation and motion originate, and through its agency, all of the reparative, secretory, and excretory functions of the body are carried on. In its grey cells, the life force, or vital energy, is elaborated and stored, and through its white portion distributed to the various tissues and organs of the body. As has been explained, waste is always in proportion to labor, and the waste of an organ must be met by adequate supply of proper food, or its function will become impaired.

In what does brain or nerve food consist? In what do we find it? Is it meat? no; white bread? no; potatoes? no. If it is not found in these staples, in what is it to be found? I answer, in the exterior of the wheat kernel, in the skin of the potato, and in milk, partially also in eggs and fish. I answer, the chief food staples, in the present dietetic system, are almost entirely deficient in brain and nerve building material."

Dr. Blanchard's Food for the Brain is said to supply the waste in a most remarkable way.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purify-

ing the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

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